Miss Field as Ariel.

Miss Field as Ariel.

THE TEMPEST.

A COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

Profpero,	—	Mr. Benfley
Stephano,	—	Mr. Suett
Trincalo,	—	Mr. Baddeley
Caliban,	—	Mr. Banniſter.
Gonzalez,	—	Mr. Aickin
Alonzo,	—	Mr. Wrighten
Anthonio,	—	Mr. Phillimore
Sebaſtian	—	Mr. Wright
Franciſco	—	Mr. Wilſon.
Ferdinand,	—	Mr. Barrymore.

WOMEN.

Miranda	—	Miſs Phillips
Ariel	—	Miſs Field.

ACT I. SCENE, *A ſhip at Sea. A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning. Enter a Ship-maſter and a Boatſwain.*

Maſter. BOATSWAIN—,

Boatſ. Here, maſter: What cheer?

Maſt. Good! ſpeak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; tend to the maſter's whiſtle;—blow, till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins; you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin; ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good: yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not handle a rope more: uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I ſay, [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling!

Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog,

Boat. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſe-maker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip wer no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boat. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Ex.*

SCENE *the cell of Proſpero. Enter Proſpero and Miranda.*

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Diſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have, with ſuch proviſion in mine art,
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul——

No

No, not ſo much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay not, yet.*——
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, ſir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou had'ſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſee'ſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſm of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,—
I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Thou attend'st not.—He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: Confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. O the heavens!
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—

Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed

Master

Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:——
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't!—And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.——
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear Lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience,
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:——I know thou canst not choose.—
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me. The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: And, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I pray thee;
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made thee no miſtaking, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbling: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forgett'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: For one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors. Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, was then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou diſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans

As

As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: Thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master,

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what! what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: Go, hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou has slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou, speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise, when?

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren-place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho! Would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'ſt gabble like
A thing more brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick: Thou wer't beſt
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!
I muſt obey: His art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter Ferdinand at the remoteſt part of the ſtage, and Ariel, inviſible, playing and ſinging.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,
(The wild waves whiſt)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh, [*Diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle doo.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſic be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:——and, ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air. Thence I have follow'd it,

Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding, dong, bell.
[*Burden, ding dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſeeſt yond'.

Mira. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form.—But 'tis a ſpirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſee'ſt,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—Vouchſafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!——
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro.

Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: Myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do it.—At the firſt ſight
They have chang'd eyes.— [*Aſide.*
A word, good ſir;
I fear you have done yourſelf ſome wrong: A word—
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, ſir, one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; But this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
Mira. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Sience: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! Hush.
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey. [*To Ferdinand.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.
Pro. It works:——Come on.
[*To Ariel.*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.

Pro.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE, *Another part of the Island. Enter Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, and Franciſco.*

Gon. BEſeech you, ſir, be merry: You have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: But for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us. Then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Alo. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt.

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs;
His bold head
Above the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye
Who has cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We have loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them; the fault's

Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaister.
Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,——
I'would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me. [*Gonz. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——
[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They droop'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:——
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Will you grant with me,

That

Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. What ſtuff is this?—
Ant. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps;
O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.
Ant. True;
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience——
Ant. Aye, ſir; where lies that?
Twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they moleſt. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: Whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for aye might put
This ancient morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay beſits the hour.
Seb. Thy eaſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: One ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt:
And I the king ſhall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They converſe apart.*

Enter Ariel, with muſic and ſong.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!
Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here, securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear?
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: Let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another part of the island. Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: a noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And, after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly, I'll fall flat?
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: Yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: Yond' ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that has lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again: My beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt,

Enter Stephano ſinging, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,
Here ſhall I die a-ſhore,—
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*
The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:

For

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afraid, now, of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: And it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open you mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be——: But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen: I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter; I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano!—If thou be'ſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'ſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights. That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor. I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? Swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: Swear.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſle; And I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſcamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee, now, lead the way, without any more talking——Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Singing drunkenly.*] Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monſter! a drunken monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fiſh;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh;
Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,
Has a new maſter—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way.

ACT III. SCENE, *before Proſpero's cell. Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

Ferd. THERE be ſome ſports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: Some kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone: and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compoſ'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove

Some

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busyless, when I do it.

Enter Miranda.

Mira. Alas, now I pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: When this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your best to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, a thousand! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another part of the Island. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? The folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: For my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!——that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more——[*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him (for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: There thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his book;
He hath brave utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her, a non-pareil. I never ſaw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: His daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee; but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour, will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon. Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of nobody.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs; If thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afear'd; the iſle is full of noiſes, Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep, Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds, methought would open, and ſhew riches Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroyed.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: Let's follow it, And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I wou'd I cou'd ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Antobino, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, ſir; My old bones ache: Here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth rights and meanders! by your patience, I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs, To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aſide to Sebaſtian.*] I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.

Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe That you reſolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

Seb. I ſay to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſic; and Proſpero on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark?

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſic!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?

Seb. A living drollery: now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning here.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.

Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.—
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon Faith, ſir, you need not fear.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. The table vaniſhes. Enter Ariel.

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny

The

The never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alonzo, Sebastian, and the rest draw their swords.*
Ye fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock't-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: My fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: but remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft: and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing. [*He vanishes.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt
Like poison give to work a great time after,

Now

Now go to blite the ſpirits: — I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy
May now provoke them to. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE, *Proſpero's cell.* *Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

Pro. IF I have too auſterely punish'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live;
All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O, Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? Here I am.

Pro.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come and go,
And breath twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow;
Do you love me, master? No.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw,
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white, cold, virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well!—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter Juno.

Recitative.

Hither Hymen, speed your way,
Celebrate this happy day;
Hither, Ceres, haste away,
Celebrate this happy day;
With blithsome look, and jocund mien,
Come, and tread this short grass green,
Leave behind your grief and care,
Come, and bless this happy pair.

Enter Hymen and Ceres.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foyson plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines in clustring bunches growing,

Plant

Plants with goodly burthens bowing!

Both.

Honour, riches, marriage bleſſing,
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon ye,
Hymen ſings his bleſſings on ye.

Duet.

Cer. Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun ye,
Ceres ſings her bleſſings on ye.
Hym. Hourly joys be ſtill upon ye,
Hymen ſings his bleſſings on ye.

Recit.

You ſun burn'd ſickle-men, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.

Duet.

Hymen and Ceres.

Away, away, make no delay,
Your rye-straw hats put on;
Bring each his laſs, and bear the graſs,
Let toil and care be gone.

Dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks.

Pro. Aſide.] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.—[*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—
no more. [*Exeunt Dancers.*

Fer. This is ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended; theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind:
Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled,
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:

If

If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace. [*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee: Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

Enter Ariel with glittering apparel; also Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you—

Trin. Thou were but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to looſe our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: ſee'ſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell; no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a ſtippery;—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkin with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate;

there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. [*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: For a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE, *before the Cell. Enter Proſpero in his Magic Robes, and Ariel.*

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all priſoners, Sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you releaſe. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo,*

His

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; You demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: The strong bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; Graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: And when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,

I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter Ariel; after him Alonſo, with a frantic Geſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian and Anthonio in like Manner, attended by Adrian and Franciſco. They all enter the Circle which Proſpero had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which Proſpero obſerving ſpeaks.

For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm diſſolves a-pace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. —— Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian. —— Fleſh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expel'd remorſe, and nature;
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: —Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; —
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent, [*Exit Ariel.*
As I was ſometime Milan: —— Quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt e'er long be free.

Ariel enters ſinging, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bow.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom:
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits here: Some Heavenly Power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir,

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, for I

Have loſt my daughter,
Alon. A daughter?
O Heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! That they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you looſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords,
At this encounter, do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth; their words
Are natural breath. But, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court: Here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: Pray you, look in;
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.
The Entrance of the Cell opens, and diſcovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Cheſs.
Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [*Ferdinand kneels*
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

Pro.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, ſhe's mine:
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs;

Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be't ſo, Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: The next, our ſhip,—
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went,
Pro. My trickſy ſpirit! } *Aſide.*

Alon. Theſe are not natural events: thy ſtrengthen,

From

From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, where we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. [*Aſide.*

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; Some oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: Till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free: [*Aſide.*
[*To Ariel.*
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trincule, in their ſtolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio!

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay if they be true:—This miſ-ſhapen knave,—

His

His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs:
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: Two of theſe fellows, you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now; where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?——
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. This is a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape;—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace; what a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: Where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples,
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick— } [*Aside.*
That is thy charge, then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

LIST of the PLAYS which compoſe the Six Volumes of the THEATRICAL MAGAZINE already publiſhed.

VOL. I.

Oroonoko
Merchant of Venice
Hamlet
Beggar's Opera
Richard III.
Hob in the Well

VOL. II.

Merry Wives of Windſor
Fair Penitent
Twelfth Night
Iſabella
Artaxerxes
Virgin unmaſk'd
Cheats of Scapin

VOL. III.

Mourning Bride
Love in a Village
Orphan
Jane Shore
Macbeth
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VOL. IV.

Romeo and Juliet
Roman Father
Douglas
As you Like it
Rule a Wife
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VOL. V.

Coriolanus
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King Lear
Beaux Stratagem
Cymbeline
Devil to Pay

VOL. VI.

Henry IV. (firſt Part)
Venice Preſerv'd
Lionel and Clariſſa
George Barnwell
Alexander the Great
Romp

The Remainder of this WORK is in great Forwardneſs, and will be as regularly publiſhed as the preceding Part.